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POETRY.

SONG OF THE SPRING BREEZE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Oh, give me welcome—I come—I come
From a sweet and balmy land,
With the tropic rose I have made my home;
'Mid ripening fruits I have loved to roam—
Where the sea-shells lie in their golden sand,
I have played with the foam of a Southern strand.

Oh, give me welcome! I bring—I bring
A gift for the coming May,
The sunshine falls from my restless wing,
It touches the ice of the mountain spring;
But I laugh—I laugh as it melts away,
And my voice is heard in the leaping spray.

Oh, give me welcome—a welcome now!
The winter was stern and cold,
But I sung him to sleep, and I kissed his brow,
While I lifted his robe of spotless snow.
And that crusty fellow, so chill and old,
Awoke in a mantle of green and gold.

A welcome now! while the south wind weaves
His breath with the morning dew,
As he fans the moss on the cottage eaves—
And drives from the hollow the sear dry leaves.
Where the violet hides its eye of blue,
And the pale young grass peeps faintly through.

Oh, welcome me—while I have a rout
With the pleasant April rain—
The birds that sing with a silvery shout,
And the fragrant buds that are breaking out,
Like drops of light with a rosy stain,
'Mid the delicate leaves that are green again.

Leaves from Memory's Note Book.

NUMBER 8.

Homeward bound. Light and joyous hearts are in the ship now. The gallant bark herself seems imbued with the spirit of her crew, as she hurries toward their native land. Those long, long years which were to succeed the half-uttered "farewell, and God's blessings be with you" are now past, and in retrospection appear but a span.—The future seems to all as bright and cloudless as the skies above them. And yet not all. For among us are those whose homes, once as happy as wedded love or parental kindness could make them, are now desolate; their hearth-stones, the seats of sorrow. Affection burns brighter, stronger, deeper, than before in their bosoms; but the answering light has departed, and henceforth a blight is upon their existence. But God be praised they are few, and even they sympathize in the anticipated joys of their messmates. The contrast between the month preceding departure and the month previous to arrival is indeed striking. The last foreign port has been visited, adieus given and the canvass spread for home. The past voyage, as if by some tacit agreement, is forgotten. My country, my home, are the themes of conversation at every mess.—Good fellowship pervades all, and hearts are now open and communicative that were before sad and silent.

Jack also has his fun. The weather could not be finer, or the ship steadier.—Night after night, in the dog-watch, have they given vent to their excited spirits in dance and song. Forward the fife-rail is their play-ground. What shouts of laughter are arising, and no wonder. One active fellow has transmogrified himself into a donkey, and bears a rider upon his back. His long head and ears are well imitated by painted canvass, a cloth is over his body, two broom handles form his fore legs, and a long swab his tail. Trot, trot, thump, thump, he goes about the deck, swinging his rear ornament in the faces of the nearest spectators. A strange monster he seems as seen in the twilight. Theatricals, too, are the rage. As in all large crews, there are among ours some veritable members of the Thespian brotherhood. These take the lead, a stage is cleared, and curtains rigged. The audience seat themselves on the guns, hammock-nettings and rigging, leaving a clear space for the officers to enjoy the scene from the poop. Where Jack is there can be no play without women and liquor—both, in this case, are manufactured for the occasion. Their plots are drinking bouts, feasting and relieving distressed damsels. Such damsels! On them are seen the fruits of many a shore foray in foreign ports. Judging from the wardrobes that were displayed, they must have had some adepts among them. Ponchos and petticoats innumerable were exhibited, and bonnets too.—A long tail coat, spurs, and all the accoutrements of a broken down gentleman. Fashions that might have held sway in the times of our grandparents. All, as arranged by Jack's taste, made a queer medley, and their appearance, if not their performance, was greeted with shouts of laughter.

But home and its inmates are the standing topics. During the night watches, hour upon hour whiles away, as the story of the sweetheart, wife or child falls upon sympathizing ears. One tale leads to another; confidence opens the recesses of memory, and early years, with all their light and pleasant scenes, are lived over again. What stronger proof need be required, than the experience of times like these, that the Creator intended men for social beings. I appeal to those who have enjoyed them, if the reminiscences of their wanderings point to brighter spots than those when the hours past unheeded by, as they paced the deck with friends whose souls were alive to all that stirred their own. Even the ship which has borne them in safety, through calm and storm, from torrid to frigid zone, comes in for a share of the general good-will, and a feeling of momentary regret crosses the mind at the thought of the hour when she must be delivered into strangers' hands,—the proud tracery of her rigging to be shorn from her, and she to lie a dismantled hulk, until the country calls her again to sea.

At the tables the topics are more general. The different local characteristics are good-humoredly discussed. The hams of Virginia are pitched against the hams of Maryland. Canvas-back ducks and venison lead to varied tales of exploits in gaming. Fish, flesh, and fowl, of North, South, East and West, come upon the tapis, and it is to be remarked that the greater the scarcity of good things on board, the more animated the speakers, but the conversation is the most lively when the virtues of their several belles are brought under notice. Then shots tell fast and pointed; mirth, wit and capital stories grow apace, and the parties adjourn to repeat the scene at the ensuing meal.—Such is sea-life under its most favorable auspices.

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What an epitome of the world, at least the male portion of it, does the man of war present. A friend had scarcely done showing me the gifts which he had treasured up for loved ones ashore, the while uttering sentiments such as refined affection alone can give birth to, when a petty officer came into the cabin. He was the oldest man in the ship, feeble, and apparently not far from his grave. "Well W.," says one to him, "what are you going to do ashore; your money is all gone." "Oh sir," he replied, "I have enough left for one good drunk, and that is all I care for."

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WANDERING TIM.

WOMAN—is said to be like a Jews-harp, for the sole reason that she is nothing without a *tongue*, and must be pressed to the lips.

PRETTY GOOD.—Why are teeth like verbs? Because they are regular, irregular, and defective.

Literary Notice.

Journal of the American Oriental Society—Vol. 1, No. 1—1843. Boston: Little & Brown. London: Wiley & Putnam.

This society was originated by a few gentlemen interested in Oriental literature, August, 1842, in Boston, but was not incorporated until March, 1843. Its objects are as follows:—The cultivation of learning in the Asiatic, African, and Polynesian languages. The publication of memoirs, translations, vocabularies, and other works relating to the Asiatic, African and Polynesian languages, and the collection of a library. The Hon. John Pickering, of Boston, is president, and the celebrated scholars and linguists, William Jenks, Moses Stuart, and Edward Robinson, vice presidents. It embraces among its members, many of the best scholars of the country. Our islands being included in its field of research, we cannot but feel an interest in its success, and something may be done here towards the promotion of its objects. The meles and traditions of this race still afford a comparitively unexplored field. Their ancestral religion also presents many objects of inquiry. A grammar and dictionary of the Hawaiian tongue are yet to be composed. Societies like this should be hailed with pleasure. They form a neutral ground, where scholars of all tongues and kindreds can meet in unison and exchange the results of their labors.—They preserve for the instruction of the future, the lore of the past.

This number contains the address delivered by the president, at the first annual meeting, in May, 1843. It is a learned and interesting discourse, which chained the attention of a highly cultivated audience for an hour and a half. It is a compendium of what has already been done, in the departments of inquiry to which the society is devoted, and what remains undone. Of the credit due American missionaries for their zeal in the cause of learning, he very justly remarks:—

"And here, as Americans, deeply interested in the reputation of our country, we cannot but take pride in the reflection, that, at the numerous stations of the American Missionaries in the East and other parts of the globe, we have reason to believe there is a greater number of individuals, who are masters of the languages and literature of their pagan and other converts, than are to be found among the missionaries of any one nation of Europe. While these indefatigable men,—aided by the resolute American women, who with characteristic devotedness fearlessly accompany them even to martyrdom,—have been impelled, by a sense of religious duty, to the task of peacefully disseminating the benign principles of Christianity, they have also been making lasting additions to our knowledge of the moral and social condition of those distant nations; and—what more immediately concerns our own Association—they have greatly extended our acquaintance with the languages and literature of the oriental nations, and have furnished the most valuable additional materials towards the history of the human race and the completion of the science of ethnography.

"Thus in the wisdom of Providence has it happened, that, while the propagation of Christianity, on the one hand, is opening to us new sources of information in different languages—which are the essential instruments of all knowledge—on the other hand, the progressive acquisition of those languages is constantly placing in our hands new means of disseminating religious instruction."

Of the state of civilization among the ancient Egyptians, he condenses the following facts:—

"Philologists, astronomers, chemists, painters, architects, physicians, must return to Egypt to learn the origin of language and writing—of the calendar and solar motion—of the art of cutting granite with a *copper* chisel, and of giving elasticity to a *copper* sword—of making glass with the variegated hues of the rainbow—of moving single blocks of polished syenite, *nine hundred* tons in weight, for any distance, by land and water—of building arches, round and pointed, with masonic precision unsurpassed at the present day, and antecedent by two thousand years, to the Cloaca Maxima of Rome—of sculpturing a *Doric* column, a thousand years before the Dorians are known in history—of *fresco* painting in imperishable colors—and of practical knowledge in anatomy.—

"Every craftsman can behold, in Egyptian monuments, the progress of his art four thousand years ago; and, whether it be a wheelwright building a chariot—a shoemaker drawing his twine—a leather-cutter using the selfsame form of knife of old, as is considered the best form now—a weaver throwing the same hand-shuttle—a white-smith using that identical form of blowpipe, but lately recognised to be the most efficient—the seal-engraver cutting, in hieroglyphics, such names as *Shoofo's*, above four thousand three hundred years ago—or even the poulterer, removing the pip from geese—all these, and many more evidences of Egyptian priority, now require but a glance at the plates of Rossellini.*

"To this catalogue of Egyptian arts, a long addition might be made of monuments descriptive of the goldsmith and jewellers' work—instrumental music, singing, dancing, and gymnastic exercises, including children's games, like some of the present day—the tasteful furniture of their houses—ship building—drawings in natural history, so true to life, that the French naturalists, by means of them, instantly recognised the several species of Egyptian birds designated by them; and of numberless other branches of art, which time will not permit me to particularize."

In regard to the progenitors of this race, the Malays, he observes:—

"It may surprise some persons, that the Malay language, which takes its name from a people, whom we are accustomed to regard as a ferocious and uncultivated band of barbarians, contains no inconsiderable body of literature. This part of their history was several years ago made known by that able English scholar, Mr. Marsden; and there is now at the city of Washington a collection of Malay works, in manuscript, (brought home by the late Exploring Expedition,) which is said to be the largest that has ever come to the possession of any European. This collection was made by one of our countrymen also, Mr. North, an intelligent missionary at Singapore, who, I am informed, as a Malay scholar, has not his superior in any foreign nation.

"Eastward and southward of the region last mentioned is that country of wonders, New Holland—in which, it has been observed, that nature defies the men of science to follow out their systematic classifications of her productions; and where, as a lively French writer observes, in rather exaggerated language, we find a volcano without a crater or lava, but continually throwing out flames—cherries which grow with the stone on the outside of the pulp—pears having the stalk at the biggest end—lobsters without claws, and dogs that do not bark!"

The discourse concludes with an elegant summary of what has already been gained to the world by studies which but few have the disposition and patience to prosecute.—It also defends them from those who would stigmatize their pursuits as collateral branches of inquiry, which produce no results which in common language would be denominated as practically *useful*. It is a most excellent address, comprising in a small compass, a vast amount of information. To do justice, however, to Mr. Pickering we must let him speak, in conclusion, for himself;—

"These researches have already established affinities, which were never suspected, between remote nations. Who, for example, would once have expected to find the most striking resemblances between the Sanscrit of India and the Greek of Attica, both in words and grammatical forms; or between the languages of Persia and of the Teutonic

*Mr. Gliddon's printed lectures.